An Inflated Sense of Self

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/7769395.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal (TV) RPF, The Path (TV), Doctor Strange (2016), Hannibal Extended Universe - Fandom
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Hugh Dancy/Mads Mikkelsen, Kaecilius (Marvel)/Cal Roberts, Will Graham/Kaecilius (Marvel)
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Hugh Dancy, Mads Mikkelsen, Kaecilius (Marvel), Cal Roberts
Additional Tags:	Hannigram - Freeform, Madancy, StrangePath, inflatable bed prompt, On the Run, season 4, Crack Treated Seriously, Sharing a Bed, chapter 2 has, First Kiss, chapter 3 is, RPF, Established Relationship, no infidelity, (See notes) - Freeform, Drinking, Alcohol Abuse/Alcoholism, (because Cal Roberts), Reality Bending, Hannibal Extended Universe
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of Tiger's S4 Hannigram fics, Part 25 of Tiger's Mads x Hugh Rare Pair fics
Collections:	#ItsStillBeautiful
Stats:	Published: 2016-08-14 Words: 3,283 Chapters: 4/4

An Inflated Sense of Self

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Prompted by Sirenja for ItStillBeautiful-
Imagine your OTP having to share an air mattress for the night. Person A is already in bed and comfortable, and person B, very tired from the day, flops down on the other side, thus launching A into the air.

It started as Season 4 Hannigram but spun into four separate but conjoined stories about an inflatable bed all set around the same scene in Hannibal Season 4.

Notes

The prompt lends itself to crack, but this kind of went another way...

Not Beta read

Will and Hannibal

Hannibal 4.02 scene 5 - Flashback to 4 weeks post fall
Alternate 1

It had taken Will the best part of an hour to get comfortable. As a child he had spent plenty of time on camp beds and in sleeping rolls in the dirt on fishing trips - never an inflatable bed. Impractical for such things. And now here he was, rolling around and sweaty even though there were layers of clothing and sheets between him and the horrible synthetic material of the air mattress. He couldn't really complain, it was the first time in a week that they hadn't slept scrunched up in the seats of the car that Hannibal was currently ditching. If he hadn't still been recovering from his wounds and long days of travelling, he might not have slept at all. But as Will was wondering how the doctor was doing in the task when he started to drift off.

He mustn't have been asleep more than a ten minutes, or at least so it felt, when there was a thud next to him.

And then he was flying through the air.

He might have been amazed at how the dead-tired form a cannibal serial killer could launch him so entirely off the bed and crashing to the floor, had he the time to register it. What he registered instead was the cold, hard and dirty wooden slats of the tiny dilapidated cabin smashing into his right side. He cried out as he felt some of his stitches strain and pop.

"Fucking hell Hannibal!"

Will sat up and looked at the man, still wearing overcoat, hat and gloves, now spreading over the mattress. Already asleep.

After a minute of holding his stitches together before deciding he should do something about them, Will got up and grabbed one of the bottles of water and their med kit. He could turn on the light, he could make noise and be a little shit about it. But as he watched Hannibal sleeping - the refined and fastidious Doctor Hannibal Lecter fast asleep on an inflatable mattress – he realised he had no heart to wake him. Hannibal had told him, here and there, bits from his childhood. And that was what struck him now - this was *not* Doctor Lecter owner of no doubt a sumptuous bed with fine brocade coverings, this was orphaned Hannibal who spent a childhood without a family, on the hard wearing beds of a post-war orphanage. To such a child anything, even an inflatable mattress would be a luxury.

Will let him sleep, whilst something awoke inside him. A feeling, at the sight of the sleeping man, that bloomed in his chest and warmed his whole body even in the chill of the cabin.

Hannibal and Will

Hannibal 4.02 scene 5 - Flashback to 4 weeks post fall
Alternate 2

The dilapidated cabin in which they had managed to sequester themselves for the coming few days before moving on once more, was cold and barren. It held no aesthetic appeal, but would suit them for the rest that they required.

Hannibal had tried to make the cabin as hospitable as possible whilst Will disposed of their car, but there was only so much to be done. The main thing was the mattress - how good it would feel to sleep on something resembling a bed, at least more so than the car seats they had been folded into for the last few days. He had inflated it with the included pump and pulled on the ill-fitting sheets and blankets they had acquired. It would do, even if they had to share. Something Will hadn't objected to in the supplies shop when they could have just as easily purchased two single mattresses. In many respects this was more convenient than having essentially twice the bother, and that was as far as Hannibal would allow himself to consider the matter.

The bed was nowhere near as comfortable as it looked, but Hannibal was determined to make the best of it - to savour the fact that he could stretch out and allow his muscles to loosen after so many days driving. In the morning he would marvel at how quickly he actually fell asleep but when he first awoke that was not in the fore of his mind.

He had been asleep for little under an hour when Will had returned. He had not heard his companion enter the cabin or remove his boots and coat. He had however felt when Will had dropped onto the bed. And dropped was the only suitable term - the weight of the former-agent, as slight as he was - enough to launch Hannibal up and off of the mattress covers and all. He landed, awake and dazed, with a thud next to the mattress.

"Fuck, oh fuck, Hannibal… are you ok?" Will was babbling at him as he quickly regained his composure. He had first gone to a dark place, for just a moment. A place he had rarely been since childhood - where instinct took over and he was prepared to defend himself. He had, of course, realised immediately where he was and that he was safe. Thankfully before Will reached his side, spilling utterances of apology and explanation - Will had tripped over his boots and landed on the mattress he explained.

So concerned was Will that Hannibal might be injured he did not immediately let him move. Hannibal remained on the floor, feeling a bruise at the base of his back forming, as Will fussed around him. Finally he seemed to calm and rested his hands on the top of Hannibal's arms, gripping him and looking intently into Hannibal's eyes. It took Hannibal's breath for a moment, the closeness, the eye contact. It was the closest they had been since the bluff and it made Hannibal's mouth run dry. He ran his tongue out to moisten his lips, an unconscious action that was tracked by Will's eyes as they moved down from his own. He swallowed thickly and tried to ignore the deepening of Will's breathing.

“Are you ok?” Will’s voice was thick and rough as he asked, and it resonated deep within Hannibal causing his chest to tighten.

“Nothing a good night’s sleep would not solve.” Hannibal replied, hearing the tremble in his own voice where he had meant to sound humorous.

He tried to sit up more, to take the pressure off his bruised back, but Will was still holding his arms and it only resulted in them moving towards each other. Two sets of hitched breath in unison as their faces came closer. Will’s eyes were back on his and Hannibal knew that Will could see him completely. Not only the monster within, he had seen that for some time - the love though, that was still new to Will. He seemed to have been ignoring it since the bluff, which Hannibal completely understood, and had of course allowed.

The look went on too long, much longer than was really appropriate. Hannibal knew he should break away and get up. At the least he should say something - ask Will if he would be as kind as to move. He even opened his mouth to ask as much -

- His skin flushed with a rare heat as his mouth was claimed by Will’s. Lips pressing against his with determination, tongue slipping easily between his obligingly parted lips. Hannibal might have moaned if there were any sound left in his body. Instead his breath stuttered once, then twice and that turned to a small sob.

Will drew back at that, one hand sliding up from Hannibal’s arm to stroke lightly the side of his face. Will looked concerned but pleased. He must of course be aware of what such an action would do to Hannibal?

“*Are* you ok?” He asked again.

Hannibal gave a slow nod. “This is... beautiful.”

Will let out a chuckle and Hannibal knew he was being laughed at and did not mind one bit. He was aware how ridiculous he often seemed to Will, he saw the eye rolls and heard the scoffs - there was something comforting about them.

“Ok, well you sound just fine.” Will was grinning as he moved back and then stood, offering Hannibal help up. When they were both standing Will reached down for the blankets and spread them back on the mattress before climbing in. Only then did he look at Hannibal as the mattress moved unsteadily beneath them.

His heart was beating a staccato as he moved gingerly into the bed, Will still grinning at him.

“Don’t go launching me now, though I’m sure I deserve it… are you badly hurt?”

“Just some bruising. I will be perfectly fine.”

“Ok… if you’re sure…”

Hannibal tried to get comfortable in the bed, unsure of where or how to place himself - not wanting to be as presumptive as to touch Will in anyway. In truth, his breath hadn’t returned

to him and his mind was reeling, ignoring the kiss would be easier, if simultaneously incredibly difficult.

When he finally settled he felt the mattress shift and worried for a moment he would be upended again. But then Will's arm was around his waist holding him steady.

"I… guess we should talk about what just happened. The kiss I mean, not the…"

"Impromptu flight of fancy?" Hannibal managed the jovial lightness now.

"Well, when you put it like that it sounds almost fun." He could hear Will's grin as keenly as he felt his breath against his neck.

"It… had its merits." Hannibal breathed the words out, and wondered if he'd be able to draw breath back in with Will now so close.

"You're tired… I'm sorry I woke you…"

"I'm not. Sorry, I mean…"

The words hung in the air and neither spoke for a moment. Finally Will broke the silence and Hannibal was glad of it, being momentarily and uncharacteristically speechless.

"Perhaps we should talk in the morning, when we're both more… awake." Will's arm tightened around Hannibal, drawing him in as he spoke.

Hannibal murmured his agreement and held himself still, not wanting to do anything that might cause Will to move away. He needn't have worried - within minutes Will was asleep, breathing a deep rhythm at the side of Hannibal's neck.

Hannibal remained completely still and tried not to overthink what stirred within him. A feeling, at the touch of the sleeping man, that bloomed in his chest and warmed his whole body even in the chill of the cabin.

Hugh and Mads

Chapter Notes

NB: This is sort of an AU of the Madancy AU series Victorine and I are writing - Mad Bear and Little Pup - where Hugh and Mads are not married and have been in a secret relationship since King Arthur (hence no infidelity)

FILMING: Hannibal 4.02 scene 5 - Flashback to 4 weeks post fall

“Fuck this is cold. Why is this cold? Is this method acting Bryan.” Mads chuckled as he puffed a breath and watched it fog.

“Stop complaining. It’s a five minute scene! If you get it right first time we can be out of here and back in the studio before lunch.” Bryan did all but poke his tongue out.
Mads turned to Hugh who had stood on watching the exchange with a grin whilst he clapped his gloved hands together against the cold.

“I don’t do method acting.” Mads grumbled.

“Stop moaning.” Hugh laughed. “It’s five minutes in the cold or hours of post-production just to CGI some bloody foggy breath into the room. Let’s just get it over and done with.”

“Fine.” Mads huffed. “Which version is this? Which script are we shooting or are we doing both after all? I am confused with the alternate scenes.”

Hugh sighed and his sympathy was clear, he’d mentioned before how he felt much the same. A re-pilot, and that meant some scenes were being filmed in alternate ways so that the studios had a few different versions, different ideas to work with. At least, thanks to Bryan, this episode ended with them finally coming together. A scene they were yet to shoot but were both looking forward to.

“There is a third version.” Hugh reminded him with a laugh.

“Are you serious? I thought that was dropped. It makes no sense!” Mads was even more annoyed now, the third version meant a complete costume change. “This is not going to be five minute. Five minutes my fucking ass!”

Hugh quirked an eyebrow at his words and a sly grin spread over his face, Mads tried his best not to return it but failed miserably. At least he was able to hold back from wiping that grin off Dancy’s face by kissing him quite thoroughly. But only just!

“First positions.” Was called and Mads broke away from Hugh’s intense gaze. They both crossed the cabin towards the inflatable mattress. It wasn’t until they both reached the X on

the ground and bumped into each other that they stopped and frowned.

“This is for me!” Mads pointed at the X.

“No… we’re starting with Alternate 1, you haven’t come in yet.”

“Alternate 1 I am in bed.”

“No, that’s Alternate 2.” Hugh chuckled and gave Mads a gentle shove to push him back from the X.

“I want this confirmed!” Mads responded with his own little shove and a wolfish grin. He licked his lips when he saw the slight shiver run over Hugh that the Brit was unable to hide.

They looked at each other hungrily.

“Can someone confirm Alternate 1?” An impatient voice from the production team called out, followed by scripts and notes rustling.

Without waiting Mads moved to the X and jostled Hugh out of the way. Hugh laughed and looked like he was about to say something but then his eyes went wide and his arms windmilled for a moment before he caught hold of Mads and, having lost his footing, dragged them both to the bed.

“Fuck!” Hugh exclaimed as he landed with Mads on top of him and then bounced up –both of them airborne for a moment before crashing back down heavily, limbs tangled. They continued to bounce with the momentum for a moment before they stilled.

“You’re so fucking heavy!” Hugh moaned.

“You don’t usually complain.” Mads all but whispered in his ear and then shifted until he heard Hugh gasp.

“Mads… it’s fucking freezing in here, how are you so fucking hard.” The words were quiet and the last almost groaned out as his hips pushed up, clearly involuntarily.

Mads grinned. “The cabin may be very cold, but you are very hot.”

His grin widened as Hugh’s face reddened at the compliment, and likely from his own burgeoning desire.

“Alternate 1 guys. Mads, off the bed. Stop fooling around you idiots.” Bryan called out, Mads catching his knowing grin as he stood and pulled his coat around himself discreetly.

He glanced down with his own grin at a flustered looking Hugh before heading to his first position.

Of course, he had known they were starting with Alternate 1 and who should be where, but he did love nothing better than teasing his Little Pup and this time had turned out to be

especially entertaining. He chuckled to himself wondering how Hugh might take revenge on him later when filming wrapped for the day.

Cal Roberts and Kaecilius

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal 4.02 scene 5 - 4 Years post fall
Alternate 3

"You have an inflated sense of self." The words were spat out and the voice boomed in the small cabin, as though the acoustics were those you would find in a large and high vaulted cathedral or monastery.

Cal sat with his head in his hands in the corner of the cold cabin. How long would this voice plague him? It had been with him since the day he had awoken, 4 years earlier, on the rocks. He had no memory, of what came before that. He had swam away, wandered, been lost. And then he had been found by the Meyerist Movement and his life had been given a meaning.

Even so, all the while the voice had grown in his head, expanded. Sometimes it felt like it wasn't in his head at all but all around him, surrounding him and penetrating him. And now, as Dr. Stephen Meyer lay dying, and Cal had sought an escape into a bottle of whiskey, it sounded. As all he had come to know and based his continued stability and happiness upon felt on the verge of crumbling, the voice was at once tormenting and familiar. The only constant he'd had since waking to this new life.

"You are not all you seem Cal Roberts. You are not the man you think you are."

"Stop it!" Cal screamed into the empty room. "I am the man, the right man, I can lead them… I am…"

Cal was halted by a dark laughter. "How can you lead people to discover the truth within themselves when you do not even know yours."

"Leave me alone!" Cal shouted and buried his head once more.

For weeks now the voice had gone from quiet pestering, what Cal had once thought were his own doubts about himself manifest, to a clear and separate entity questioning him.

Cal knew, for it had now become clear, that he was going mad.

Another booming laugh as he thought that. "Madness! You can wish for madness, that would be a comfort. That would be a better end than the one you gave me."

"I don't understand what you want."

There was silence for a moment and then the voice gentled a little though was no less loud. "I want you to know me, see me."

“See you how? See what?” Cal felt the tears streaming down his face, they clouded his vision and at first he didn’t see the distortion in the air. The cold air was breaking apart as though it were crystals, bending and smashng like prisms against the rocks.

Was this the drink? How much had he had? This was rock bottom now, he knew that. He needed help. He should leave and get help.

He struggled to his feet and started to stumble across the room, seeking the keys to his car. But then the room cracked. The air shattered and a figure was standing before him.

“Who… what are you?” Cal’s words shook.

“I am pain and death.” The form hissed.

Cal tried to move, tried to run but the figure moved like liquid – one fluid motion until they stood face to face.

“You can see me now.” The voice quiet and gentle, as though the roar of a thunderstorm had dissipated to a gentle breeze. The man, for he appeared to be no less of a man though his eyes burned and energy crackled around him, placed a warm hand on Cal’s cheek.

Cal startled and stepped back, falling bodily only to be saved from the floor by the inflatable mattress he had placed there some time ago. The air was almost all gone and he bounced only a little before it came to rest and he could feel the cold hard floor beneath.

He tried to catch his breath, tried to bottle his fear as the man dropped to his knees beside him and, with nowhere for Cal to retreat, stoked his face once more.

“So long I have waited to break back into this reality. To return after you expelled me. Should I be angry? Should I take revenge?” His eyes were soft, gentle, despite the fear his words inspired in Cal.

“I… I don’t understand…”

A smile then, and it lit the man’s whole face. Beautiful and terrible at once.

“You need only understand this – I have returned. I will seek my revenge on mankind and…” the voice softened to a whisper, eyes met his and smile warmed the strange face. “… I have missed you so very much Will Graham.”

Chapter End Notes

FYI - StrangePath sequels to this fic can be found here

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!